The aged man that coffers vp his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painefull fits,
And ſcarce hath eyes his treaſure to behold,
But like ſtill pining TANTALVS he ſits,
And vſeleſſe barnes the harueſt of his wits:
Hauing no other pleaſure of his gaine,
But torment that it cannot cure his paine.

So then he hath it when he cannot vſe it,
And leaues it to be maiſtred by his yong:
VVho in their pride do preſently abuſe it,
Their father was too weake, and they too ſtrong
To hold their curſed-bleſſed Fortune long.
"The ſweets we wiſh for, turne to lothed ſowrs,
"Euen in the moment that we call them ours.

Vnruly blaſts wait on the tender ſpring,
Vnholſome weeds take roote with precious flowrs,
The Adder hiſſes where the ſweete birds ſing,
VVhat Vertue breedes Iniquity deuours:
VVe haue no good that we can ſay is ours,
But ill annexed opportunity
Or kils his life, or elſe his quality.

O opportunity thy guilt is great,
Tis thou that execut'ſt the traytors trea
Thou ſets the wolfe where he the lamb
VVho euer plots the ſinne thou poinſt
Tis thou that ſpurn'ſt at right, at law, at
And in thy ſhadie Cell where none
Sits ſin to ceaze the ſoules that wan

Thou makeſt the veſtall violate her oa
Thou bloweſt the fire when temperan
Thou ſmotherſt honeſtie, thou murthr
Thou fowle abbettor, thou notorious
Thou planteſt ſcandall, and diſplaceſt
Thou rauiſher, thou traytor, thou
Thy honie turnes to gall, thy ioy to

Thy ſecret pleaſure turnes to open ſha
Thy priuate feaſting to a publicke faſ
Thy ſmoothing titles to a ragged nam
Thy ſugred tongue to bitter wormwo
Thy violent vanities can neuer laſt.
How comes it then, vile opportuni
Being ſo bad, ſuch numbers ſeeke